

Brother Wolfe, the pioneer Brethren preacher in California.

JULY 21ST.

We landed at Lathrop and found Brethren Wolfe and Copp awaiting our arrival. We can assure you the greeting was warm and cordial. However, before reaching Lathrop we had given up stopping at all as the conductor had taken up our ticket and given us a continuous trip check in its stead. With this there was no alternative than to keep on or pay our fare from Lathrop to Portland. This we could not afford to do, neither did we want our brethren there to do it for us. But after a little consultation, the brethren thought they would rather pay the fare, \$15.00, than suffer the disappointment of us making them no visit. We were taken to Brother Copp's for the evening, where we formed a personal and most favorable acquaintance with Brother Copp. Before we separated we felt sure we were with a man of God who will be of great service to pure and undefiled religion. And Sister Copp, who is abundantly worthy of all the good elements of her husband, placed us under many obligations for hospitality to both ourself and Master Homer. Brother and Sister Wolfe and Sister Reynor all called in the evening to help make us welcome. Brother Bashor had not overstated it when he said "their latch strings hang out long."

JULY 22ND.

It had been arranged that we should all dine with Sister Reynor, the S. S. C. E. president for California. Sister R. is an intensely spiritual minded woman, and does her full share towards the support of the cause she loves so well.

In the afternoon we had the pleasure of meeting with the S. S. C. E. Here we had an opportunity to form an acquaintance with Sister Ed. Wolfe, Meyers and Blumner. Sister Wolfe is a sister of Elder Isaac Killefner, deceased, and like her brother, is an indefatigable and self-sacrificing worker for the cause of the Brethren church.

In the evening we ate from Brother Wolfe's table—a privilege, we confess, we had long desired. Sister Wolfe is one of those open frank women that can make a person feel like one of the family without knowing why or how it was done. And Brother Wolfe—well we would stand him up beside any man between the seas for a full well balanced Christian. All the time we were with him our mind would return to the Lord's address to Satan about Job, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, that feareth God, and escheweth evil?" While we do not forget that all men are fallible, we are sure our brother is striving for, and succeeding well in attaining perfection. May the Lord richly bless him with grace and wisdom.

The night of the 22nd we spent with Brother B. G. Frederic, one of the substantial laymen living near Ripon where the camp meetings are held. His wife is an invalid and was away from home at the time of our visit. We can most sympathizingly ask the Lord to remember in mercy this dear family.

SUNDAY, JULY 23RD.

We preached in the morning at Ripon in a hall; in the afternoon at a union church about three miles from Lathrop; and in the evening at La. hrop. The audience at Ripon was small; at Union, and Lathrop, fairly good.

JULY 24TH

Brother Wolfe took us across the country to Vernallis, a distance of about fourteen miles, to the home of Bro. Joseph W. Beer, where we again met Bro. Copp, he having remained after preaching there the previous day. Bro.

Beer is very much afflicted. He was not so well when we visited him as he had been a few weeks previously. In Bro. Beer the church has one of its strongest defenders of "the faith," and we are pained to find him in such health as to reduce his usefulness to the church. He and Sister B. live with their Son-in-law, Bro. Russel, who seems kind to them and a good business man.

In the afternoon it was planned to have Bro. Brown take us out to see how California harvesting is done. The machine we visited was a combined reaper and thrasher. It cut twenty-five feet wide, sacked the grain, piled the straw, and harvested from sixty to one hundred and twenty acres per day. It was pulled and run by a fifty horse power engine, and operated by five men. We rode about half a mile on the monster. In this section one sees sacks of grain ranked up like cord wood in timbered countries. Stock keeps fat on the stubble until the fall rains come. What makes our pasture kills theirs. To look at their grazing fields with an eastern eye is to see starvation here there is rich abundance. All kinds of fruit come to perfection here that grows in any semitropical climate.

In the evening we preached to a fair sized audience in Vernallis. Here is where Bro. Copp had recently been the means, in the hands of the Lord, of adding several very fine people to the church. All our meetings were good. The church here is on a solid footing and is growing and prosperous.

Every where that we went the membership entertain the highest regards for Bro. Copp, their state Evangelist, and his estimable wife; Bro. Copp has buried his entire interests in the cause of religion. He has fully consecrated himself to the work, intending to stay by it till God shall call him over the river of Time. THE ANNUAL CAMP MEETING is the feature of their work. Therein lies the key with which to unlock to ourselves the door to successful planting in all new countries—especially in climates where people labor the year round.

It was our intention when we left Los Angeles to hasten homeward with all possible dispatch after spending Sunday at Lathrop, expecting to meet all the members there. We had left too much for our better half to continue doing for so long a time as we had now been absent.

But the brethren insisted that we had not seen the best of California until we had seen San Jose. We yielded to the wish expressed. We hunted up the Miller family, very ardent friends of Bro. Holsinger and substantial members of the Brethren church. It would not take many such to form a good strong organization.

We had no previous acquaintance with the family and they had no notice of our coming; then it was fruit drying season and they were very busy. But notwithstanding this, Bro. Miller left his work and proceeded to show us their country. It is the best developed part of California which we have visited, and land is very high. Bro. Miller is a successful business man and fruit raiser. When Vice President Stevenson visited San Jose those who took him in charge made a bee line for Bro. Miller's Prune orchard. This is sufficient to show how Bro. Miller ranks in fruit culture. The fruit orchards seem as valuable, too, as gold mines. From a little over three acres in cherries, Bro. Miller had \$1,825.00 returns, and over 300 boxes yet to hear from. That is good for a panic season, sure, we thought. He took us past a ten acre orchard owned by a very wealthy man who has the orchard leased for five years at \$2,750 per year, cherries or no cherries. The climate is also in keeping with the productiveness of the soil. In-

deed one can hardly persuade himself that he is still on earth, where cyclones, earthquakes, famines and sin desolate. We, too, would say to any one going to California to see what it is can not do so without visiting Santa Clara county. Brother Miller also took us to an adjoining town in which stands a Catholic church over one hundred years old. To the devout Catholic it is a most sacred place. Indeed, the paintings, wax work and statuary is very impressive. As Master Homer looked upon the image of the Redeemer in the different aspects of the crucifixion and saw the spikes being driven through the Savior's hand and feet and the blood pouring from the wounds, tears filled his eyes. No words could make such an impression. As long as memory's walls endure these pictures will be seen. Who can tell the influence of the art in that church? Without doubt it has sealed the eternal destiny of thousands and thousands. Here, too, are extensive nurseries enclosed with walls about twelve feet high, and covered with tiles. Here we got the first view of a tile roof. This gave more force to the famous Luther's words, that he would go to Worms if there were as many devils there as tiles on the roof. We are afraid Protestants are not fully aware of the grip Catholicism is getting upon free America, and not until the horse is stolen will the stable be locked.

(To be continued next week)



Bro. J. O. Talley has had a full line of fine stationery put up with the above engraving on it. It is at once beautiful and suggestive. There is perhaps no better way for our young people to advertise their organization than by using this. By purchasing this stationery, they will have the above cut printed on it and still sell it fully as cheap as the same quality can be purchased at the book stores.

The Illinois conference endorsed the plan unanimously and recommends all to use this stationery, as whatever profits may accrue, go to the general treasury of the King's Children. The writing paper is all nicely bound with blotter cover, 100 sheets to the tab and sent post paid at the following rates: Commercial Note.....20c Packet.....25c Letter.....35c Envelopes per hundred from 15c up, according to size and quality.

King's Children visiting cards per hundred 25c. For the above send all orders to this office. For Constitution and By Laws for the King's Children send 10c to J. O. TALLEY, Pres. Milledgeville, Ill.

### Correspondence.

#### The Roanoke Kaleidoscope.

The historic wheel of time rolls ceaselessly on, and the shadows pass to and fro over life's landscape. At this writing, Roanoke's budget is interesting. Reminiscence shows a gathering into our fold, of forty souls since our organization in 1892. Before that time the fort was held by a feeble band, at whose head our valuable colleague, Elder C. G. Ninger, kept the banner flying. A happier band of Progressive believers can not be found under the sun, than ours is now. Prophets labored to prognosticate early failure, but the column kept moving steadily forward just as though no prophecy had been born. What a pity that so much prophecy must be done all for nothing, and strewn about.

From 16 up to 60 marks the passing years on life's dial of our brothers and sisters. Do our members love each other? Ah, herein lies the germ of a story. A young Progressive brother, who bears the interesting patronymic of Wm. H. Moomaw, and who claims his parental home where your correspondent dwells, wishing to monopolize the affections of a young Progressive Sister, Susan V. Huff, called his friends together at the peaceful home of Sister May Edward Ninger on the 26th inst, and a Progressive parson, B. C. Moomaw, pronounced the fateful words that transformed the young man and maiden into husband and wife. Strange alchemy, strange alchemist. The 23rd inst. was a red letter day to our house and our congregation. Our eldest son, George C., and his

wife, who was a member of the Crownover family, of Salisbury, Pa., before marriage, were baptized into the Brethren church. Thus all our sons, save one, and daughters, and sons and daughters-in-law are members of the Brethren church.

Our work in Virginia is especially hopeful. Calls press us continually; more than can be filled, and congregations could be built up in many places, if we only had the men and means to fill the calls. The people love and honor the "Gospel alone" platform of our church and would rally to it if the opportunity were offered. Other "Gospel alone" platforms are offered, but upon close examination it can be plainly seen that somebody has been tinkering with them and patching and bracing and putting in supplemental planks. There is only one genuine article and the Brethren claim to be able to show a valid title to it.

The Warsaw conference "resolved" that we should not say anything naughtily about the German Baptist Brethren. Right. But it does not forbid us to write nice things of them, and for this privilege we are thankful.

I will tell you of one of the prettiest incidents relating to them you ever heard. At our recent meeting in Floyd county, on the occasion of our little love-feast, there were only two sisters at the table. They were about sixteen years old; had just been baptized and were without experience. A German Baptist Brethren sister made the communion bread and wine, prepared the supper, placed it on the table and superintended the entire love-feast service, and it was all done so unostentatiously and so lovingly. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and "Where party names no more, The Christian world divide."

There will be no wall built by human hands to separate those who love the Lord and keep his commandments.

Here is the hand of fellowship for all who say "amen" to such exhibitions of sweet brotherly and sisterly love. God bless them, with all the spiritual Israel.

D. C. MOOMAW.

### Gleanings from the Wayside.

Some may think because we do not write often that we are idling our time in the Master's field, but such is not the case. We are trying to do a little for the Master. When I say we I refer to Sister Summers, our helpmeet in this work. I am made to wonder why the minister's wife does not come in for her share of honor and sympathy from the brethren and sisters, when I claim his success depends largely on the assistance that his wife renders him in this work. What I have accomplished in the Brethren church is due largely to Mrs. Summers. She has been a source of encouragement in dark hours, when one preacher becomes discouraged; always ready to say go where any good can be done; watched over the children in sickness; managed the house and domestic affairs, so as to keep me in the vineyard. God pity the preacher whose wife does not stand by him in the work.

In our gleanings some of our work has been pleasant and some clouded with sorrow. We have lost some of our veterans in Indiana. It was our sad lot to preach Brother Noah Heeter's funeral, which in consequence of the vast audience was conducted in the grove. A hero has fallen. Recently we were called to officiate at the funeral of Father Cunningham, one of our former parishioners. "One by one they are gathering home."

Recently on our return home from our appointment we found a message from Peter Neff, calling us to baptize his invalid daughter, a Mrs. Dawson. We responded to the call and gathered at the river with the family. Brother and Sister Garst, of Somerset were present. We supposed that only the daughter was going but when she came up out of the water, to the father came and Minnie came, and Lucy came, and Alice came until we had five of them baptized. Glorious service. Praise the Lord. This family is above the average for intelligence. Three of them have been teaching. The younger one is a graduate, but through sickness she has lost the use of her lower limbs and must walk with crutches. It was impressive to see her walk down into the river; her father accompanying her to hold her crutches while she was being baptized. Blessed thought. "The lame shall leap for joy." She is getting ready for the land where no sorrow and affliction are known.

These people will place their membership in the College Corner church. May the good work go on.

WM. W. SUMMERS.

### California Camp-meeting.

The California camp-meeting closed last night, October 1st. I left the camp ground at 6:30 this morning, and now I am waiting at Galt for the train to Carbondale, to visit our daughter Lottie. I had time at Lathrop to breakfast with Sister Artz.

We had a splendid meeting; at least I enjoyed myself very much, and all whom I heard speak of it also expressed themselves the same way, and what everybody says must be true. The attendance was not as large during the week as it should

have been, but the country around the camp was not thickly settled, so that everybody had a distance to come. Two persons were baptized and two others made application to be. The meetings lasted over three Sundays. The attendance on Sundays was very large.

Brother Z. H. Copp took turn about in preaching until the second Sunday, when Brother Peter S. Garman, of Missouri, arrived and assisted in the work. I preached once every day and sometimes twice, and am physically none the worse, and spiritually much better. I did not think I could endure so much preaching and singing. In fact, I did not think I could make myself heard at all; but after the first two or three efforts I could make nearly as much noise as Brother Copp.

The social part of the meeting was also highly beneficial to me. I met so many of my former friends and patrons, and made so many new acquaintances, that I feel much refreshed and encouraged. I would love to name them all if it were not against the EVANGELIST rules. I may be permitted to mention Brother and Sister Beer, with whom we have been so long and so closely related in church work. His health is just now some better. I also visited Brother Jonathan Myers and family. Sister Myers is an invalid, and although she does not suffer severely, she is much distressed. Sister Frederick attended several day sessions of the meeting, but is still in very delicate health, though she is improving. Among our new acquaintances is Brother Isaac Cook (Koch), and family, on whose farm the camp ground is located. Brother Bonnett, and family, and the Ronk brothers, from Turlock, and Brother Brown and family, from Vernallis. Of course Brother John Wolfe and family, of Lathrop, was there, and did their part toward enlivening the meeting.

Brother Ed. and Sister Lizzie Wolfe had put up a nice tent for me, and furnished it with a full set of preachers furnishings, and I enjoyed it very much. I never dined at such a well regulated public hall as that conducted at our camp-meeting this year. It was managed by Sister Waddie, a new convert to the Brethren church.

I am highly pleased with the sermons of Brother Garman, and his manner of delivery. He was able to hold out in the manner in which he did his work here, then he ought to be in the work permanently, somewhere, or take the mission field. He will visit a daughter at El Dorado, for a month or so, after which he will go to Southern California, when we hope to hear him again, and use him to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

An new something about myself. I was very much astonished to learn through the EVANGELIST that I was impoverished, and made an object of charity at the National Conference. My first thought was to telegraph to the editor and have him recall the statement, but I soon changed my mind, and said to Sister Holsinger, "we will just let it go and see what the church would do to keep us out of the poor house, and then I will credit the amount received on the notes due us on the EVANGELIST office." So far I have received \$20.25 from A. D. Gnagey, which I suppose was collected at the Warsaw Conference and one dollar from "A Sister" at Mt. Morris. Total \$21.25, which I will credit on the amount due me. Ten dollars and the interest on it to date will be on a note given by Brother Frank Forley, of Berlin, Pa. who died without leaving any estate. It will therefore be a genuine charity. I want it understood that I am not an

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